

# SATYR,

By way of

## DIALOGUE

Between *Lucifer*, and the Ghosts of *Shaftsbury* and *Russell*.

*Shaftsb.*

**W**elcome, dear Brother Traytor to the Laws;  
Thrice welcome, bold Espouser of our Cause.  
Infernal Tribes of Fiends their Homage pays,  
And your false Head bedecks with fiery Bays.  
Heav'n had almost o'er Hell a Conquest won,  
Had not your Prudent Conduct theirs out-done:  
For when the tottering Cause did faintly droop,  
Her Friends being fled, brave you alone stood up  
For her Defence, that you with Potent Hand,  
And Prudent Heart confounded half the Land:  
For still so soon's they view'd your awful Face,  
Each Rebel did himself in's Posture place,  
Then with uplifted Voice, and hideous Cries  
Proclaim'd your Praises to the troubled Skies:  
*Geneva's* Hopes had turn'd to damn'd Despair,  
Had not your daring Mind disperst her Care.  
You from her Eyes all Tears clean wip'd away,  
Banish'd her Darkness, and confirm'd her Days;  
And had the juster Heav'n's adjourn'd my Fate;  
I'd wrought both Down-fall of the Church and State:  
Had not th' All-seeing Power descry'd my Crime,  
And snatch'd me from God's Earth before the Time.  
What *Judas* or *Achitophel* e'er hatc'd,  
And more should been by my Adventures match'd;  
I'd made both King and Bishop tumble down,  
I'd rent the Surplice and consum'd the Crown:  
Who dar'd but lisp'd the Name of King or Pope,  
Without a Sentence past should stretch a Rope:  
*Geneva*, Hell and I, to Heaven and *Rome*  
In spite of Law would soon denounc'd their Doom.  
Your Tub-men Prelat's Flesh should serv'd to feast,  
Because they speak the Language of the Beast.  
With Hellish Darts against both Church and Laws,  
And rably Guards I'd fortify'd the Cause.  
Three Kingdoms weary'd of a peaceful Reign,  
Should been embroil'd in Blood with our Design.  
Father should Son, and Children Parents kill'd;  
But our damn'd Plot by Hell we would fulfill'd;

And

And when the Fiery Tryal crown'd the Day,  
 Wee'd still been clear'd by *Ignoramus* Sway.  
 In Fine, in Golden Letters each Whigg's Name  
 should blazed be in the Records of Fame.  
 But now too late, I'n vain condole my Day,  
 My Tap was run, I could no longer stay.  
 I hope the World knows still I did my worst,  
 And in promoting Plots was still the first:  
 T' each common Vice I was by Nature mov'd,  
 In higher Crimes by Art and Age improv'd:  
 Yet for all this, our Plot's like to decay;  
 Our Leaders faint, and Brethren go astray.  
 Oh could the juster Judge of *Israel's* Tribes  
 Found in *Ignoramus* for Fanatick Bribes,  
 And had your Earthly Jury found thus, ev'n  
 This makes me curse our Laws since us'd in Heav'n.  
 Now with damn'd Furies since confin'd to lodge,  
 Wee'll he'er give o'er, but bear Mankind a Grudge.  
 Let them conspire above, and wee'll plot under,  
 To furnish Hell, and all the Prisons plunder.

*Ruff.* Why this Address, bold Wretch, dar'st th' own thy Guilt?  
 Do'st know how many thousand Bloods thou'st spilt?  
 Curst be the day when first I saw thy Face;  
 I banish'd Reason to give Treason Place.  
 Traytor to God, thy King, and Friend, that's worse;  
 Crouds that ador'd before, thy Fame does curse:  
 In Prime, Of the damn'd Plot 'gainst State and Church,  
 You sneak't away, and left me in the Lurch,  
 With dull mechanick Monsters, and a Crue  
 Of Thick-skull'd Fools, who did our Snares undoe.  
 Thrice happy Thoughts had sure possess'd my Mind,  
 Had I but made you leave your Head behind:  
 Which had I done, I should enjoy'd your Brains  
 With my poor Head, and sav'd the Hang-man's Pains.  
 But now alas, the dismal days are come,  
 Which our Cabals did still design for *Rome*.  
 And in Infernal Caves damn'd must I lie,  
 Plotting in vain with Devils for Liberty:  
 Nor did I, as some Traytors did to peach,  
 To save my Soul, nor our black Guilt did preach  
 To *Tory Blades*: For had I eut my Throat,  
 My Blood would cry'd, *A damn'd Fanatick Plot*;  
 But I, true Traytor-like, in Flower of Age,  
 With an undaunted Mind did mount the Stage;  
 Where to the World I'n spite of King and Laws,  
 With my last Gasps of Breath prest home the Cause;  
 Cry'd for our Liberties and Countreys Good,  
 In open Shame is shed my guiltless Blood,  
 Which squeez'd salt Tears forth from each Traytor's Eyes;  
 With Sighs and Hellish Groans they fill'd the Skies:  
 Such bold Examples still prevail much more  
 To smother Plots, than any Sham before.  
 I hope there's not one Covenantant left,  
 That is not of his Sence and Soul bereft,

Who dares deny he's Debtor for his Breath  
 To my good Service done at th' hour of Death:  
 My Life t' an end renouncing God and King,  
 The Devil, the Dr. and my self did bring.  
 With Reverence I must remember's Gown,  
 That seldom but at fatal Hours is shov'n:  
 And for my sake I hope he'll save my *Watch*,  
 Which I did him present with, not *Squire Katch*:  
 Against the *Maxims* of both Sence and Reason,  
 I blest my fatal Hour, and hugg'd my Treason.  
 Of two great Ev'ls the greater did I chose,  
 My Life by Law, not for the Law to lose.  
 I thank'd my Stars, like some *Turk*, *Jem*, or *Tartar*,  
 That there I dy'd a Traytor, not a Martyr.

*Shafis*. Most brave audacious Champion of the Cause,  
 Our chief Deformer of both Church and Laws:  
 Let's still persist in Vice, thun doing Good,  
 Oh could we cool our Tongues in Royal Blood;  
 Old *Noll*, the Devil, proud *Cataline* consult,  
 What from the worst of Plots may most result.  
 Those upstart Traytors must not be compared  
 With one whose Family was ever feared,  
 But for my part, you'll grant I'm an Old Rogue,  
 And while on Earth 'mongst Traytors bore a Vogue;  
 Know by Compulsion you'r sent here to dwell;  
 But I my self came Volunteer to Hell:  
 Yet next to *Belzebub* and me you shall  
 Be still prefer'd before the whole Cabal:  
 For Rebel-like you still contriv'd new Plots,  
 And fill'd each Loyal Scutcheon full of Blots;  
 And in your utmost Minute shew'd more bright,  
 Than *Phæbus* mounted in's *Meridian* Height.  
 You vouch'd your Blood for Protestants was spilt;  
 Nay more, confess the Fact, deny'd the Guilt.  
 You did not, like mechanick cowardly Fops,  
 Confess to soon's they saw their fatal Ropes;  
 But, Traytor-like, joyn'd to the Cause new Growth,  
 Expiring, like a Rogue, with Lye in Mouth;  
 By which I hope the Multitude you mov'd  
 To plot a-new, since all you said's approv'd:  
 For sure the Rabble will believe you sooner  
 Than *Wallcot*, *Ronse*, or any Whiggish Joyner.  
 Well, let's plot on in spite of Laws and Reason,  
 We'll please our selves in Flames, contriving Treason:  
 We'll still conspire below to ruine Earth;  
 Till Friends and Foes both curse our fatal Birth.  
 We'll send Advice to *Titus* and your Friend:  
 For Oaths and Pray'rs with them are Blasts of Wind;  
 And can procure a Pack of Helter Skelters,  
 To furnish Necks as long as *Katch* can Halter.

*Ruff*. Well, since poor Mortals can't revoke the Day,  
 When past; but to succeeding Fate give way  
 must, then let damn'd despair seize every Heart,  
 And Fiendstheir Hellish Malice t' us impart.



We'll take the Cov'nant from its Maker's Hand,  
To's hellish Laws, and him that firm we'll stand;  
'Gainst Heav'n and King we'll streight go levy War,  
Curst Hosts of Hell shall aid us from afar.

Would that the House were once assembled here,  
We'd pass the Bill in spite of any Peer;  
And if our Plots cannot perplex the Nation,  
The Devil himself we will depose from's Station;  
And if our Shams take not as they're appointed,  
To touch the Person of the Lord's anointed,  
We'll streight a full Discovery then make,  
And on our Friends a whole Revenge we'll take:  
For nought but the whole Ruine of Mankind,  
Can please a *Rebell-Whigg's* Blood-thirsty Mind.

*Lucifer*, Bravely resolv'd, true Whiggs, by Hell, I swear,  
Such plotting Heroes dare not think of Fear.  
Old *Noll* and I were quite wore out of Hopes,  
Till now reviv'd by you the Causes Props.  
Now for its sake and mine we'll march about,  
To keep the kindled Fire from dying out:  
New Treasons I'll convey 'n your Speaker's Ears,  
T' incense the Rabble with Seditious Fears;  
To tell the King's a Tyrant and a Papist,  
Worse then a *Jew*, yea, worse than *Turk* or *Atheist*;  
And that he with his Bishops daily prop  
Th' Interest of the *French King* and the *Pope*:  
If that's deny'd, I'll bid them mark the Skies,  
What dreadful flaming Meteors there arise.  
I'll say these are the Missioners of *Rome*,  
To signifie True Protestants their Doom:  
And when, like Deluges the Waters stand,  
Shews that the Beast will float within this Land.  
Let's term the Papists dying words but Wind,  
Equivocating Shamms t' ensnare the blind:  
And since the City Charter has been gone,  
Both Judge and Jury Papists every one.  
Swear *Howard* was a Papist born and bred,  
The Joyner a rank Jesuite by Trade:  
Tell 'ts more genteel conspiring and a plotting,  
Than Tory-like to Whoring, lye and Sotting.  
When any Mischief's acted by our Sorts,  
Make *Titus* blame his horrid Popish Plots;  
But's Hand is out, 'ts long since he kist the Book,  
Which makes me fear his Oaths will ne'er be took:  
If any frailer Brother should confess,  
Straight have him swore a Priest in Trades-man's Dress;  
And doubtless e'ery Goal before 't be long,  
Will by the Faithful Traytors be made strong.  
At last with Whiggs when surfeited they swell,  
They'll spew them forth by Cart-Loads into Hell.

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